

# The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

No. 474.

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1905.

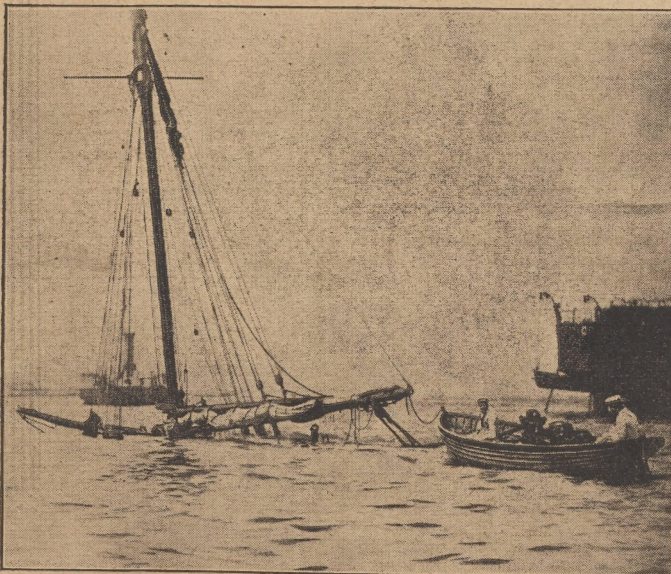
One Halfpenny.

## BOOTMAKERS MARCHING ON LONDON.



The Army bootmakers marching from Bedford yesterday. Councillor James Gribble, their leader, walking by the side of the column, is indicated by a cross. (For further photographs see page 11.)

## SUNK BY COLLISION WITH A SUBMARINE.



The new submarine B1, when leaving Portsmouth Harbour, crashed into this barge and damaged it so severely that it had to be run on a mudbank. Here the bluejackets and naval divers are seen standing by the submerged barge with pumping gear.—(Cribb.)

## INJURED BY MOTOR ACCIDENT



Mrs. Laycock, formerly the Marchioness of Downshire, has been so seriously injured through a motor-car accident in Paris that it has been necessary to amputate a leg. Mrs. Laycock is the daughter of Mr. Hugh Hare and a niece of the Earl of Listowel. She has two sons, the Earl of Hillsborough and Lord Arthur Hill, both now at Eton. She is noted for being an ardent motorist.—(Lafayette.)







## COMING CHANGES IN THE CABINET.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain Said  
To Be Considering  
Resignation.

### MR. WYNDHAM.

Brilliant Assemblage of Peers  
and Peeresses Listen to His  
Explanation.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Tuesday Night.—As all the world knows, Mr. Chamberlain has repeatedly stated on public platforms that Mr. Balfour's Government is making a fatal mistake in not immediately appealing to the country for a renewal of its confidence.

It is not, however, so generally known that the Cabinet itself is sharply divided upon this question.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, for instance, is in hearty agreement with his father's publicly expressed views upon this subject, and considers, from a party point of view, as well as from the point of the furtherance of fiscal reform, that the election should not be delayed beyond the point necessary to carry through the promised principal measures of the Government.

As Chancellor of the Exchequer, however, and consequently responsible for the financial business of the Government, he has not been in a position to press his views upon his colleagues.

It may, however, be accepted without hesitation as a fact that immediately the final stages of the Finance Bill have been passed through the House, which will probably be within the next few weeks, Mr. Austen Chamberlain will consider himself free to review his position as a member of Mr. Balfour's Administration, and his resignation may, as a consequence, be looked for with some degree of confidence at no very distant date.

#### DRAMATIC SCENE.

Amid memorable and dramatic scenes the House of Commons this afternoon discussed the vote of censure, of which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had given notice on the Macdonnell incident.

Packed shoulder to shoulder, expectant members, hand to ear, overflowed the benches, filled the gangways, and sat around the steps of the Speaker's chair.

All the great Irish landlords were in the Peers' Gallery, besides the Duke of Argyll, Lord Londonderry, Lord Dunraven, and Lord Cadogan. Beneath was the alert, military figure of Sir Antony Macdonnell, the Permanent Under-Secretary, whose transfer to Dublin Castle has led to the fierce storm which eventuated in Mr. Wyndham's resignation.

A galaxy of beautiful women, including Lady Doreen Long, Lady Beaumont, and Mrs. Asquith, stood behind the grill, where the lovely Countess Grosvenor, the wife of Mr. Wyndham, was a deeply interested listener.

Mr. Wyndham's immediate neighbour was Mr. Ritchie. On the other side—separated by the gangway—was Mr. Chamberlain.

#### TRACES OF ILLNESS.

Although bronzed by the sun, the member for Dover bore painful traces of his illness. He is much thinner in the face, and his nervous constitution had obviously not recovered from the recent breakdown. It was noticed that he scanned his trembling notes again and again before he rose to speak—a very unusual thing for him.

Speaking clearly, he said he neither differed from his colleagues on any issue of policy, nor had he found cause to change the view he had long held upon Irish administration. He thought now, as always, that the maintenance of the Union was a fundamental principle of any sound Irish policy. He did not resign on grounds of policy; circumstances, partly political and partly personal, convinced him that he would best help the party to which he belonged as a private member. The situation in Ireland became complicated by personal misunderstandings.

These misunderstandings he proceeded to explain, and at the close was warmly cheered for a speech that was in the best of taste, and one in every way chivalrous to his past colleagues and friends.

When Sir Henry "C.B." rose to move his motion Mr. Balfour stretched out his hand, picked up a blotting-pad, palmed out his fountain-pen, and forthwith began to scribble notes of points in the Opposition leader's speech.

A sensational feature of the sitting was an extremely moderate speech by Mr. William O'Brien, who somewhat dramatically reappeared in the House.

To the surprise of many Home Rulers he announced that he should neither vote for nor against the motion, believing that there was good to be got from both political parties.

## MRS. LAYCOCK IN A TRAGIC MOTOR WRECK.

Former Marchioness of Downshire's Foot Crushed,  
Necessitating the Amputation of a Leg.

### SIDESLIP IN A 60 H.P. MERCEDES.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Tuesday.—All Paris, and especially that section of it which motors, is horrified at an accident which has happened to Mrs. Joseph Laycock, formerly the Marchioness of Downshire.

This beautiful woman, renowned both in Paris and London for her loveliness, was so grievously injured in a motoring mishap, the result of a sideslip, that one of her feet was almost wrenched off. She suffered untold agonies, fortunately relieved at intervals by fainting spells, before she could be relieved by doctors. As soon as the extent of her injuries was ascertained, the surgeons amputated the leg below the knee, and now she lies in a precarious condition.

The accident, tragic enough in itself, is made all the more sad since another life besides that of Mrs. Laycock is involved. She has been in a delicate state of health lately—a fact which complicates her illness.

#### CAPTAIN LAYCOCK UNHURT.

Captain Laycock, who became the husband of the Marchioness of Downshire a few years ago, after the divorce from the Marquis, was motoring with his wife on Sunday near Versailles. The vehicle they usually drive is a 60-h.p. Mercedes, and it was there that, although Captain Laycock has been so distracted since the accident that he has given few details. It is said that there was a bad sideslip, a wreck, and that Mrs. Laycock's foot was caught in the debris and crushed.

Captain Laycock was more or less shaken in the smash, but he was not seriously hurt. He was able to attend to his wife, whose foot was bleeding profusely, and make an effort to stop the flow of blood.

The transfer of Mrs. Laycock from the wrecked car to a place where she could be made comfortable was a painful ordeal, and bystanders who saw her sufferings feared that she could not survive long. The Laycocks are very well known in Paris, where they are usually to be found at the Hotel Ritz. Captain Laycock is a famous motorist and

a good driver. He and Mrs. Laycock frequently motor from their house, Wyseon Hall, Nottinghamshire, to Dover, where they cross the Channel and continue the trip to the capital.

Mrs. Laycock is a daughter of Mr. Hugh Hare, of Forest House, Bracknell, Berks. She met the Marquis of Downshire when he was at his estate, East Hampstead Park, Nottingham, in the same county, and they were married in 1893.

Mrs. Laycock, who is a granddaughter of the Earl of Listowel, has the charming manners and fascination that proclaim her Irish birth.

Her eldest son, the Earl of Hillsborough, who is eleven years of age, is at Eton with his younger brother, Lord Arthur Hill.

An English nurse was sent for after the accident, and is now by Mrs. Laycock's bedside.

#### PERILS OF SIDE-SLIP.

The accident has revived the old discussion as to the perils of sideslip, the most dangerous mishap that can happen to a motorist.

The Paris motorists are calling for the invention of some appliance that will make such terrible accidents as that to Mrs. Laycock impossible.

Captain Laycock, who is the owner of a car which made a splendid showing in the Paris-Berlin race, has himself studied the question of sideslip. Most very able motorists assert that it cannot happen to a driver of very ripe experience, but the number of sideslips that have occurred to well-qualified motorists emphasises the fact that even the very best may suffer from the trouble.

The 60-h.p. Mercedes which Captain Laycock used has a speed equal to more than a mile a minute on a good road. It is not hard to realise the terrible consequences of a locomotive of its weight—for it is a locomotive—coming along with terrific force, suddenly wheeling about from the wheels slipping, and dashing into an obstacle.

Friends of Captain and Mrs. Laycock are congratulating them on not having been killed. The fact that the Captain escaped altogether is almost providential.

A photograph of the Marchioness appears on page 1.

## HOUSE BUILT IN TWO HOURS

Claimant Who Believes That Possession Is  
Nine Points of the Law.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, Tuesday.—To hasten proceedings to establish title to disputed property, Franklin Norton built a two-storied house of four rooms in two hours, and the same night filled the abode with furniture.

The property is a tract of beach, 2,000 ft. long, in New York State, for which there are two claimants.

Fifty carpenters and labourers with a long string of saws laden with parts of the house, already made, rapidly marched to the spot, and with incredible speed erected the house, which Norton immediately took possession of.

Then, with his counsel and a party of friends armed with shot-guns, he prepared to resist any attack by the opposition claimant.

### HOAXED PROFESSOR.

Journalistic Joke Imposes Upon a Well-known  
Scientist.

A famous scientist has been made to cover himself with derision by an act of courtesy.

For over six years the "New York Herald" (Paris edition) has inserted a letter signed "Old Philadelphia Lady," asking how to convert records of temperature from Centigrade to Fahrenheit and vice-versa.

This has been a joke of the proprietor, Mr. J. Gordon-Bennett, whose office was previously inundated with such questions. From time to time readers answered the "Old Lady," but still the letter appeared, and has continued to appear.

After all these years Professor E. Ray Lankester, Director of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, has also answered the fair inquirer, and there is "much laughter" in Paris.

### EVEN RICH DESERVE JUSTICE.

"We cannot afford, in any shape or way, in this country to encourage a feeling which would do injustice to the man of property, any more than we would submit to injustice from the man of property." Mr. Roosevelt was responding at a grand banquet given to him by the Denver Chamber of Commerce.—Reuter.

## FRANCE GIVES HER WORD TO JAPAN.

Assurances That Strict Neutrality  
Will Be Observed.

### RUSSIANS TURNED OUT.

The crisis over the Russian fleet's stay in French waters is past, for the present at any rate.

France has assured Japan and the world that her attitude has all along been, as it will remain, one of strict neutrality.

If Rojstevsky's promises may be considered as good as performances, the notorious admiral left French territorial waters at daylight yesterday.

Mr. Balfour, in the House of Commons yesterday, spoke very explicitly.

Reviewing the whole Kamranh Bay incident, the Prime Minister said that, as soon as the French Government became aware of Admiral Rojstevsky's presence there representations were sent to St. Petersburg, with the result that, under orders from the Emperor himself, instructions were telegraphed to the Admiral desiring him to leave Kamranh Bay at once.

The Russian squadron was subsequently reported to be in Honkoku Bay, a few miles to the north of Kamranh Bay. Admiral de Jonquières, in command of the French station, was sent to report, and the found Admiral Rojstevsky's squadron there, though not inside French territorial waters.

As regards reports that the Russian squadron has received valuable assistance from the French authorities in Kamranh Bay, it is informed that there are only two Frenchmen, neither of them officials, but holders of concessions from the French Government, in that place.

The Premier's statement was received with cheers.

### JAPANESE ASSURANCES.

Interviewed yesterday by Reuter's representative, Viscount Hayashi, the Japanese Minister in London, expressed an equally reassuring opinion. He said:

The situation is a very difficult one, but there can be nothing in the nature of a crisis so long as the French Government intends to maintain strict neutrality.

This, we understand, is intended, for France has given the most positive assurances that her colonial officials have been instructed to maintain strict neutrality, and has further declared that she will see that these instructions are carried out.

These assurances have been repeated more than once. I therefore repeat that there can be no question of a crisis, and I have heard nothing from my Government to lead me to believe that such a condition of things is probable.

### DEATH-DEALING TORNADO.

Town Wrecked and Many Killed in Less  
Than Five Minutes.

A terrible tornado swept over Kansas yesterday. It came from the south, carrying all before it and causing damage which cannot yet be estimated.

The town of Marquette was partially wrecked, twenty-eight persons were killed, and about one hundred people injured.

The Swedish, Lutheran, and Methodist churches are in ruins. So is the Opera House block.

Latest messages from New York indicate that grave fears are entertained that dreadful havoc has been wrought in the country districts.

The tornado, which was preceded by oppressive heat and a severe rainstorm, accomplished its work of destruction in Marquette in less than five minutes.

### MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Mr. J. L. Chapman, the American artist, left his entire estate, and many valuable pictures, to Miss Helen Boyle, a nurse.

Spoils taken by insurgents in the capture of Sanaa, in the Yemen, consisted of thirty guns, 20,000 rifles, and considerable ammunition. The garrison and Turkish officials were permitted to march out.

In an eight-hour ocean race between eight United States battleships, the Missouri was seven miles ahead of the Maine, while the Alabama, supposed to be the fastest battleship afloat, was last, sixteen and a half miles behind the leader.

Mrs. Leblidge, of Batson, near Salcombe, who eloped with her lodger, a man named Hopper, was sentenced to six weeks' hard labour yesterday for stealing articles of furniture belonging to her husband. Hopper, jointly charged, received two months.

### PREFERS ICE TO HEAT.

Strange Taste of Little Nigger Boy Who  
Loves His English Home.

The little African boy whose adventures at High Wycombe were related in yesterday's *Daily Mirror* was interviewed yesterday.

He told the *Daily Mirror* that he loves his English home and the land of his adoption. Whilst he would like to return to Africa, he would much prefer to go to an English grammar school.

He declares that he does not feel at all like a slave. He plays cricket with the sons of his guardian, and is proud of his prowess with both bat and ball.

The most curious admission of Jacks, who came to this country about eighteen months ago, was that he likes English winter better than summer, and prefers ice and snow to the scorching sun.

### STRIKE BY STARVATION.

Manufacturer and Family Cut Off from Food  
by Angry Workpeople.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Tuesday.—For several days says the "Petit Journal" the leather works and private house of M. Beaulieu in Limoges have been besieged by workmen on strike, who have prevented the tradesmen from taking provisions into the dwelling.

On Monday M. Beaulieu and his family went without breakfast, and telephoned to the mayor that he was without bread, and that there was no fodder for his three horses, adding that unless he was allowed to receive stores he would make use of his gun.

The mayor expostulated with the strikers, who replied: "What care we? Our children have not had a square meal for two months."

All entreaties were in vain, and the siege continues.

### FRANCE'S "NOBLE WELCOME."

PARIS, Tuesday.—Sir William Broadbent, physician to the King, has written the following to the "Gaulois" on tomorrow's visit of English doctors to Paris:—

"The reception being prepared for us surpasses highest anticipations. Everything is being done in the old French manner—that is to say, in the most noble and gracious manner possible."



SECRET PROFITS.

Judge's Scathing Comments on a Director.

ABUSE OF THE LAW.

Remarkable evidence was heard yesterday in the case against Edward Hopwood, forty years, formerly manager and secretary of the Land Dealers' Association, Chancery-lane. The prosecution collapsed.

It was alleged that during his connection with the company Hopwood appropriated to his own use two amounts of £25 and £300 forwarded by Dr. Girvan, of Cardiff, for shares in the company.

Mr. Frederick Schofield, land and estate agent, of Chancery-lane, who was last year a director of the company, made some astonishing statements. He said that when the Land Company was formed, in taking over the business of a prior company, the shares allotted the old company for its business were divided amongst the directors, of whom he was one.

Although only one of the directors, a Mr. Birley, had found the money, the other directors, explained Mr. Schofield, found the experience. (Laughter.) He had made no secret profits over the transactions of the company, although he admitted having bought plots and resold them at a profit.

The Common Sergeant: Don't you call that secret profit?

The Witness: No, my lord.  
The Common Sergeant: You were, it appears, an agent of the company as well as a director, and perhaps you consider yourself a fraudulent agent, and not a fraudulent director.

Frederick William Rackham, managing director of the company, said that he was with Mr. Bernard Bowler when the latter gave Hopwood into custody on a charge of embezzlement.

The Common Sergeant: Can you explain why? You knew the address of the prisoner. Why not have issued a summons?

Rackham: We did it on the advice of counsel. We thought Hopwood was leaving the country, and did it under that impression.

The Common Sergeant said he did not think any jury would find anybody guilty on the evidence of men like Schofield and Rackham, who, according to their own account, had been dealing in a fraudulent manner with the real property of the company.

After a very brief consultation the foreman of the jury said, "We think there is no case."

The Common Sergeant said the case was a most scandalous misuse of the criminal law. The prisoner, whether honest himself or not, was bringing to the knowledge of a High Court the fraudulent transactions in which the directors were engaged when, in order to stifle that inquiry in the Court of Chancery, he was arrested without the slightest right and put in prison.

He should disallow all costs of the prosecution, and he was sorry he could not saddle the people who had taken it with any further costs.

BRITAIN'S SEA DANGER.

Naval Review at Spithead the Enemy's Best Opportunity.

That perennial question, "The possibility of our fleets and harbours being surprised," was the subject of a lecture by Commander Lord Ellenborough, R.N., at the Royal United Service Institution yesterday.

The lecturer said that Portland and Portsmouth were particularly exposed. Anywhere between the Point and Southsea Castle the sinking of a single ship would block the entrance to Portsmouth Harbour.

While this obstruction was being removed the enemy might obtain command of the sea.

Other methods by which an unexpected attack might be made with little danger to the enemy were the striking of mechanical mines in the Thames or in the Solent by vessels with the appearance of merchantmen.

We were, he thought, in far greater danger when all our fleets were assembled at Spithead for a naval review than on any other occasion. The positions of all our ships were shown on the charts that could be bought for a few pence.

A night attack made by fifty or more torpedo boats might sink all our available battleships, and destroy our naval supremacy at a single blow.

At such a time, when we felt most inclined to be vainglorious, our very existence depended on the forbearance and good faith of our neighbours.

PAUPER'S LITTLE HOARD.

Mr. "Jack" Mallison, whose address has been "The Workhouse, Barnsley," and who left a sum of £342, was rather a remarkable character.

He had been well-to-do, but devotion to John Barleycorn had ruined him. On the occasion of one of his many appearances at the police court he described himself as an "ale-drinker out of work."

BOOTMAKERS' MARCH ON LONDON.

Not a Man Falls Out in the First Two Days' March of Forty Miles to Luton.

BOGUS COLLECTORS HUNTED.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT ON THE MARCH.)

LUTON, Tuesday.—It was six o'clock, and afternoon was merging into evening, as the "army" of Raunds shoemakers entered the pleasant avenue of chestnuts leading into busy Luton. So the second stage of this great march on London has been completed.

"General" Gribble and his men bore themselves very proudly, and stepped with military precision. Only here and there were a lagging foot and a slightly halting gait.

This little army is doing marvels. One hundred and sixteen men, including Pearson with his crutch, left Raunds, nearly forty miles away, yesterday morning, and 116 men entered Luton this evening. They were tired, and admitted it bravely, for even the cyclists suffered from the scorching heat and the dust on the long, hilly road between here and Bedford.

The county town last night treated the little army exceedingly well. A bed was found for every man, and all slept well. "Lights out at eleven" was the general's order, and reveille was at half-past eight. The picturesque square in Bedford was thronged to hear the brisk little speech which the general made, and quite a crowd escorted the shoemakers on their way over the bridge spanning the placid Ouse.

Sturdily Content.

The band was playing in the sunshine, and everyone felt perfectly fit for the day's march. Some had wisely rubbed soap on their feet; all were sturdily content with themselves and the world. Six men started out with nothing but a cap of tea, and no prospect of more for ten miles. But they were not hungry; they declared with smiling eyes, and footed it as merrily as any.

Marching orders for the day said "three miles an hour," and the general showed his wisdom thereby. Mr. Gribble is a born leader, and has nursed his little army well. He knows that his strength is that of the weakest member.

Once outside Bedford, he allowed a little laxity as regards formation, but there was no straggling. The army marched along the country highway with a blue sky overhead and a gentle breeze blowing, in a compact little body. At intervals the band played, and no matter what the melody somehow it became a march.

Hymn Tune as a Two-Step.

"It helps such a lot," declared one of the front-rank men as an old, old hymn tune mysteriously twisted itself into an inspiring two-step.

The collectors, cheerfully rattling their little white boxes, were in the van. There was keen joy among them, as each farm and cottage came into sight, and competition as to who should be first at the door. They scrambled through hedges, jumped five-barred gates, and greeted Hodge at his work with a rattle and a smile. Whenever the corduroy breeches contained a coin it clinked into the box with a merry jingle.

So mile after mile was covered. The villagers of Elstow and Wilstead were greeted with selections from the band, and the kindly country folk dipped deep into their pockets to help on the wayfarers. A sinister rumour was heard in the village of Wilstead. The collectors ran into a little inn. "Penny for the Raunds bootmakers," they cried. "I've given once," said the grey-haired proprietress. Then an awful story was told of how two men, one with a concertina and a collecting-bag,

"CRAVEN MIXTURE" IN COURT.

Large Profit Made Out of a Famous Brand of Tobacco.

The well-known "Craven Mixture" tobacco was referred to in Mr. Justice Lawrence's Court yesterday.

Mr. William J. Yapp, until recently proprietor of Craven's, manufacturers of the tobacco immortalised by Mr. Barrie, obtained judgment for £3,450, with interest and costs, against Mr. Henry E. Kershaw, Shoreditch.

The claim was for money lent. Defendant pleaded that the money was not due, and unsuccessfully counterclaimed for £15,000 for services rendered to Mr. Yapp.

Mr. Yapp denied that Carreras was sold through the agency of Mr. Kershaw. Plaintiff admitted he originally bought Carreras for under £6,000, and in less than eight years disposed of it for £10,000.

The membership of the Women's Liberal Federation, said the Countess of Aberdeen at Westbourne Park Chapel yesterday, had increased during the past year by 10,000.

had been misappropriating financial sympathy in the name of the marching men of Raunds.

A hue and cry was raised, and speedy cyclists scoured the country. The despicable pair, with guilty consciences, had fled by a side road and evaded capture. It was as well for them.

The marchers toiled on in the noonday sun, up a long, weary hill, and then down into a gentle hollow. There, snuggling around a triangular green, nestled the village of Claphill, the lurching place. "Halt," cried the general, and then, "Dismiss."

Near by the green was a little stream, and with one accord the army slipped off boots and socks



and sat gloriously paddling their feet in the clear, glistening water. "Oh, Jim," one cried rapturously, "ain't this fine? I never knew how nice cold water was before."

And there by the stream they manched great hunches of bread and cheese, and felt themselves already veteran campaigners.

Pictures of the march appear on pages 1 and 11.

A CABINET QUESTION.

Will the Bootmakers Be Received by the War Office.

Will the War Office receive the bootmakers? It is a Cabinet question.

Only the Cabinet can decide the momentous question whether the humble bootmakers of Raunds are to be received by the august War Office. Meanwhile, the opinion that they will be admitted gains ground.

It is thought in well-informed circles that a deputation consisting of their leader and a few of his followers will be allowed to enter and state their grievance.

The position, the *Daily Mirror* learns, is peculiar. Usually these deputations are led by a member of Parliament, who acts as spokesman. But this War Tyler-like raid is unprecedented, and some difficulty is being experienced in deciding how to deal with it. Should it be eventually decided not to receive the men, the police are believed to be quite capable of dealing with the situation.

Whether a legitimate grievance actually exists is not yet known. In all their contracts the War Office include a fair wage clause, but since in the present dispute contrary statements appear to have been made by masters and men as to the actual wage paid, the question of fairness cannot be decided without careful investigation.

PIGMIES AGAIN STOPPED.

All in Hospital at Port Said Suffering from Anchylosis.

Disease is now added to the trials and vexations of Colonel Harrison's Central African pigmies, whose departure from Port Said for England has again been delayed.

The pigmies, states the "Pall Mall Gazette," are all suffering from ankylosis, a disease which attacks the limbs and stiffens them, resembling creeping paralysis.

The sufferers are in the hospital, under the care of Dr. Keatinge.

One of the two women is the greatest sufferer. It is hoped that five of the little people will be well enough to leave by the s.s. Cheshire on May 15.

While a left-off waistcoat was being arranged on a stall at a rummage sale at Halstead, Suffolk, yesterday, two half-sovereigns fell from the pockets. They have been returned to the gentleman who sent the garment.

DESERTED VILLAGE.

Why Tenants Are Not Found for L.C.C. Colony at Tottenham.

Next week another of the L.C.C. houses at Tottenham will be tenanted, which will bring the number occupied up to thirty-two—out of 138 completed. The advent of a newcomer has created something of a stir in the "deserted village," though it is feared that imminent departures will more than counterbalance this addition to the number of the pioneers.

The *Lonesomehurst*, as the mud-coloured, barrack-like square is called.

Streets of privately-owned cottages close at hand were all occupied and teeming with life and activity.

The L.C.C. settlement seemed desolate but for a gang of workmen busy with pick and shovel upon a gravel road. Inquiry showed that the streets were to be metalled, in anticipation, possibly, of the time when 40,000 people shall be housed on the estate.

The weekly rentals, from 5s. 6d. to 9s. 3d., do not include rates and taxes. It does not suit the London workman to pay these in lump sums at quarterly intervals. The dwellings are not attractive, having no gardens. The workman who goes so far afield expects a decent plot.

Doorways are so narrow that large articles of furniture cannot be got through; sculleries are so small that the proverbial cat-swinging is totally impracticable.

There is not a shop in the whole settlement; cupboards and pantries are lacking; coppers are too small.

But the footpaths are now being beautifully flagged, and more roads are being made. It is also said that another street of empty houses is shortly to be erected.

"SCUTTILING" A SHIP.

Strange Charge of Fraud Against a Scottish Shipmaster.

William Stewart was charged at Dumfries yesterday with scuttling his vessel, the *Margaret*, with the object of obtaining £400 insurance.

A seaman stated that he saw the accused bore four holes in the vessel below the water-line. She was afterwards laden with sand and gravel, and, in the Firth of Clyde, the plugs were removed from the holes and the vessel sank.

Stewart ostensibly carried a cargo of oats and cheese, on the supposed value of which he received the insurance money.

For the fraud he was sentenced to three years' penal servitude.

As to the scuttling, the jury returned a verdict of Not Proven.

MOTOR RACES A CURSE.

Manufacturer Says No One Wants a Ninety-Mile-an-Hour Car.

Races were the curse of the automobile trade, said Mr. C. S. Parsons, chairman of the Hotchkiss Ordnance Company, at the annual meeting in London yesterday.

They meant special staffs of men, interfered with normal manufacture, and diverted managers' attention from contract work; and their product was often unsaleable and depreciative to an alarming degree. Rewards for success did not compensate.

No one had any use for a car which could go ninety miles an hour. But, of course, as long as other firms went in for high-speed cars they must keep in line.

MR. J. M. BARRIE FORTY-FIVE.

Quaint Reminiscence of the Day of the Famous Author's Birth.

Mr. J. M. Barrie, one of the greatest of living novelists and playwrights, was forty-five yesterday.

One of the most modest of men, yet one of the most humorous and able of after-dinner speakers, few literary men ever had so wide a circle of friends and admirers.

From his humble birth at Kirriemuir, by way of Nottingham, where he had his first salaried journalistic employment, to universal honour and fame in London—his career illustrates in a remarkable way the conquering force of genius allied to industry.

In "Margaret Ogilvy," very much autobiographical, he tells how: "On the day I was born we bought six hair-bottomed chairs, and in our little house it was an event. . . . How they had been laboured for, the pound note and the thirty threepenny-bits they cost, and what anxiety there was about the purchase."

KING'S MESSAGE TO CENTENARIAN.

Miss Walker, who has attained her 102nd birthday, and lives at the Home for Confirmed Invalids, Highbury, yesterday received a telegram from Lord Knollys conveying King Edward's congratulations.



## KNIFE THAT WILL CUT GLASS.

Unbluntable Edge That Will Shave  
or Cut Wood.

## STRANGE EXPERIMENTS.

Everyone knows that to sharpen lead pencils with a razor is bad for the razor—the ordinary razor.

But a day is coming when a man will be able to shave himself, cut the leaves of the latest magazine, execute fretwork, and, if the humour takes him and his patience endures, cut down trees, with a penknife that may be carried in the waistcoat pocket.

For in July the Sheffield Steel Makers, Ltd., are going to place upon the market a water-hardening tool steel capable of maintaining a keen cutting edge longer than anything of the kind hitherto produced. A blade of this steel will not only remove all traces of a three days' beard and carve a railway buffet sandwich with equal facility, but it can be hammered with iron bars and bent to an angle of sixty degrees without breaking.

### Like a Diamond.

It will also cut glass, just like a diamond. This will not increase its popularity with property-owners and the police, perhaps.

Films made from it wear four times as long, say the makers, as those made from any other kind of steel, and it is expected that this marvellous product of modern invention will be saleable in bulk at about sixpence a pound.

With a small blade of this remarkable steel an expert recently shaved some hair from his arm, and then slashed a knotty billet of redwood in a way which would have reduced an ordinary knife to the semblance of a saw. But on re-testing, the edge was found exactly as at the outset, without a dent, and just the thing for an "easy shave."

Such a pocket-knife as this seems to leave nothing to be desired, but the average man, let alone boy, will have to be careful how he handles one.

A new steel called "Unor," air-hardening, which combines rapid cutting power with durability, has already been placed on the market by the same firm. It can be hardened or softened at will, and repeatedly, without impairing its qualities.

## DISEASE DETECTIVES.

How Lewisham's Medical Staff Saved London  
from Smallpox.

Not a little credit is due to the medical officer of Lewisham and his sanitary staff for their successful efforts in checking the spread of smallpox which broke out within their boundaries.

A boy of eleven, in Mill-road, was first attacked, and a fortnight later both his aged grandparents were found to be severely affected. They both died. Next the father and mother showed the earlier symptoms of infection.

Having had the sufferers taken to hospital, a house-to-house inspection of the ninety-one residences in the road was made, direct and indirect "contacts" were traced and kept under observation, an aunt of the boy patient being found suffering from smallpox in Loompit Vale.

The worst danger of all arose from the facts that the boy patient had been working for a laundry, and had taken home clothing; and that one of the older patients had pawned several parcels of clothing.

The medical officer says: "In tracing the movements of the boy we found that he had visited two domestic laundries, and was to have conveyed clothing to various homes on Friday. We immediately took possession of all clothing found on these premises, and submitted it to thorough disinfection."

## THAT METER MAN.

Slight Mistake and a Smart Servant Lead to  
Criminal's Undoing.

Until October, 1903, Harry Martin, a well-dressed young man, was a meter reader in the employment of the Metropolitan Electric Supply Company.

Recently he called at a number of houses representing that he had come to inspect the electric light meter, and articles had been missed.

The other day he called at a house where only gas was used. A smart servant was suspicious, and he was arrested.

At Bow-street, yesterday, he was sent to three months' hard labour as a suspected person.

## BETRAYED BY FRESH AIR.

Dealing with the alleged drunkenness of a man who was observed to become worse on leaving Newcastle Inn, the defending solicitor remarked that fresh air had a great effect in such cases. He had heard of Newcastle aldermen who made excellent after-dinner speeches, and yet became quite incoherent on getting out into the air.

## HUMOROUS BURGLAR.

Cleverly Impudent Answers to a  
Judge's Questions.

When the Judge asked Edward Fay, whom he sentenced at Clerkenwell to three years' penal servitude yesterday for burglary at Colonel Froom's house at Kensington, whether he had anything to say, the prisoner replied in a high-pitched voice, "Well, I'm too much overawed by the solemnity of the occasion."

"Have you ever done any honest work?" asked the Judge.

"Yes, I think I can conscientiously say I have."

"When was it?"

"About five years ago."

"What have you been doing for the last five years?"

"Working for the Government chiefly," said Fay, who was sentenced in 1903 for burglary at the houses of the Duke of Norfolk and the Bishop of London.

"Now, would you mind me asking you a question, my lord?" the prisoner asked. "It was a matter of indifference to me whether the prosecutor's property was worth £100 or £5, but it's rather a peculiar thing that when the colonel came to the police station, out of good nature he said the property was only worth £5. I believe he said that with the object of making the case as light as possible."

"Now I read in the papers that the goods were worth £10; to-day counsel says £15. Perhaps they are worth £20. It's a marvellous increase."

"Do you desire to express any contrition for what you have done?" asked the Judge.

"I'm sorry I never got away with it. That's all the contrition I have got."

## DETECTIVE IN CUPBOARD.

Five Hours' Vigil Results in the Arrest of a  
Family for Shoplifting.

An instance of what precautions are taken for the protection of property at the great stores in London was revealed at the Westminster Police Court yesterday, when Charles W. Beechey, a postman, his wife, and two daughters, one only twelve years of age, were charged with stealing goods from Harrod's Stores.

In consequence of complaints the chief detective placed a purse on a chair, and, concealing himself in a cupboard, kept watch for five hours.

Mrs. Beechey and her two daughters entered the shop, and the twelve-year-old girl was seen to pick up the purse.

The hidden detective then appeared on the scene, and there were indignant denials on the part of Mrs. Beechey.

In consequence of a search made at the Beechey's house, father, mother, and daughters were charged. They were committed for trial.

It was stated that both Mr. and Mrs. Beechey had banking accounts.

## TIRADE AGAINST OAKUM.

"Poor Wayfarer's" Plea for Not Earning  
His Keep.

Somewhat of a philosopher is Edward Collins, a labourer, who the other day sought the hospitality of the Chelsea casual ward.

His comfort was greatly disturbed by the pointed suggestion that he should pick some oakum by way of a quid pro quo, and the sequel was that he had to explain to the Westminster magistrate yesterday why he refused to do so.

"This oakum picking," he argued, "is a nuisance to poor, starving wayfarers, and I reckon no gentleman or magistrate ought to punish a man if he cannot pick 4lb. of oakum himself."

The Magistrate: Anything else?

Collins: No. I think I have said quite sufficient.

The Magistrate: Fourteen days.

## SELF-STYLED MARQUIS.

It transpires that the man who declared himself to be the Marquis of Queensberry at Trumpington, in Cambridge, and then took poison, was Henry Bailey Tams, an ex-clerk in a coal office.

Tams was well known in Cambridge, having been charged with bigamy and embezzlement. It appears that he lost some money at Newmarket, and on arrival at Trumpington got drunk and made a scene in the village church, afterwards swallowing a large dose of laudanum.

## WHY HIDE WILLS?

Constant advertisements for lost wills indicate that few testators know that instead of hiding a will in some obscure corner the greatest possible security may be obtained by placing it in the depository at Somerset House.

The registrar, for a small fee, takes permanent charge of it.

## VILLAGE SIEGE.

Schoolmistress Has to Pay for Seven  
Weeks' Amusement.

The seven weeks' siege successfully maintained at Shelton, Nottinghamshire, by the schoolmistress, Miss Charlotte Aspinall, against her managers, had its sequel in the Bingham County Court yesterday.

Much interest was evinced in the plucky protest Miss Aspinall made some time ago against the request for her retirement, based, it is said, on the fact that her playing in the church on Sundays did not suit the vicar.

She refused to give up the school cottage and raised barricades at the doors and windows.

Villagers stuffed her chimney with rubbish, but she stuck to her guns until evicted by the police.

The managers sued her yesterday for £2 8s., the cost of the ejection order and seven weeks' lodging for her successor.

Miss Aspinall contended that the vicar had not shown her the consent of the Education Committee to her dismissal, and without it she was not supposed to be under notice.

The Court, however, ordered her to pay the amount claimed.

## LORD LEICESTER ILL.

Venerable Nobleman Who Is Father-in-Law  
of Six Peers.

The condition of the aged Earl of Leicester, who had a bad heart seizure last Friday, is causing the greatest anxiety. The Earl, who is now in his eighty-fifth year, is reported to be in an extremely critical state of health. He succeeded to the title in 1892, and has been twice married.

Of his eighteen children no fewer than thirteen are still alive. The seven daughters of the first countess all made brilliant marriages, so that the Earl numbers among his sons-in-law the seventh Viscount Powerscourt, Lieutenant-Colonel Maningham-Buller, seventh Earl of Dunmore, sixth Earl of Dartmouth, the Earl of Leitrim, Lord Belper, and the Earl of Lichfield.

## WELCOMED THE GRAVE.

Self-Poisoned Man Asks How Long He Must  
Wait for Death.

Oppressed by financial troubles, George William Cole, a middle-aged naturalist, of Caledonian-road, N., committed suicide by taking arsenic.

When the doctor was called in, so a witness stated at yesterday's inquest, Cole told him that he wished to die, and quietly asked how long it would be before death relieved him of his troubles. He died the same day.

The coroner observed that Cole, being a sensitive man and anxious to pay his way, was greatly worried by financial embarrassment. There were, on the other hand, some people who were not happy unless they had their pockets full of summonses or writs for debts.

## FIDDLE PAYS FINE.

Street Musician Saved by His Instrument  
from Prison Terrors.

When Cecil Buller, a street musician, was fined 5s. at Brentford yesterday for being drunk, he was put into a desperate position.

He had no money, and the alternative was three days' imprisonment.

Then a happy thought striking him, he held up his fiddle, and asked a Court officer if he would oblige by taking it across the road and pawning it.

When the officer refused another man, who had just purchased liberty by paying a fine, volunteered.

In a few minutes he returned with more than enough money to secure Buller's freedom.

## HUSBAND NOT WANTED.

A man named Collett was yesterday sent to prison, at Chiswick, for six weeks, for failing to pay his wife the money due to her under a maintenance order.

Collett said he was willing to go back to her if she left her people.

The Chairman: She does not want you. You are not a treasure.

## DUTIES OF A TRAVELLER.

Out of his ten per cent. commission, William Howard, a commercial traveller dealing in a patent horse food, was expected to go for advertising the food in Hammer-smith, the district he worked.

He was remanded at West London yesterday on a charge of embezzling sums paid by his customers, and stated that he had informed his employers of his intention to do so in order to meet his expenses.

## CRICKET PROBLEM OF THE HOUR.

Who Will Captain England in the  
Fight for the Ashes?

## POSSIBLE AND PROBABLES

By F. B. WILSON.

(Last year's Cambridge Captain.)

It is an indispensable axiom of cricket that matches cannot be won by (1) good batting alone, (2) good bowling alone, (3) good fielding alone; but that the three must dovetail to make the finished article sound.

The man responsible for the said dovetailing is, of course, the captain.

It is a hackneyed saying that some great cricketers of the past, of whom W. G. Grace and J. Shuter were two, were worth playing for their captaincy alone, and, assuming the truth of "what has been will be again," this experience of practical cricketers must, though perhaps in modified degree, be borne in mind when considering the vexed question of "Who shall skipper the English side?"

### Will Jackson Play?

It has been stated that F. S. Jackson will not be able to turn out for England in all the Test matches, and I hope that there is some truth in the statement, otherwise the issue could hardly be in doubt, as Jackson's performances in Test matches when his side was practically "in the cart" have been far in advance of those of any of his present contemporaries.

Putting aside this Triton, the other competitors, among whom MacLaren, Warner, Fry, Jessop, and Jones must rank as the probables, have all thus early got off the mark.

MacLaren heads the list as the player who has had the greatest experience against the "Cornstalks," both in England and in Australia. MacLaren had a bad season last year, and was actually left out of the Gentlemen v. Players match at Lord's; but it is a well-known fact that how ever well a man is playing, the scorcher may come along just too soon, and the order "Pavilion one" be given at the opening of what might easily have been a colossal innings.

This year MacLaren has started brilliantly with 48 against the Australians last Saturday and 90 on a very difficult wicket on Monday against Leicester.

### Some Likely Leaders.

I propose to deal at length with the probable English captain to-morrow, and shall confine myself to-day to the up-to-date doings of the "probable starters."

Warner, who also had a poor season comparatively speaking last year, got off the mark well yesterday by making the biggest score he has ever made in England, 204. And a very nice score too, thank you, especially as it was made without the semblance of a chance.

After reaching the first century, Warner went for the bowling "bad headed," his gliding to leg and driving past cover on the off-side both being magnificent, and the admiration and despair of players watching the game.

He was caught at the wicket from a regular beast that jumped off the pitch like a live thing. Warner has passed this big total, as he once made 211 in New Zealand.

Follows Fry, his 158 on Monday, with the exception of the chance right at the beginning of his innings, was characteristic of his particularly safe style of run-getting. Following as I did his excellent batting performances against "the strugglers" at the Palace—23 run out and 45 not out—when he played (especially in the first innings) like the proverbial book, this innings proves that Fry has thus early run into his best form, and must be labelled "Dangerous: to be got rid of as soon as possible" by the opposition.

### Jessop on the Invoice.

Jessop played an invaluable knock for the Gentlemen on Friday, when he deserted his own forcing tactics to play for his side in the most sporting manner; and, playing "doggo" with Lawton, defied the Australian attack long enough to partially stay the decided rot which, with those deplorable run-outs to help it, was getting hold of the side. Yesterday, in spite of a damaged hand, he rattled up 60 in fifty minutes in the dear old way, and then fell a victim to another run-out. Really those run-outs are getting a "bit too steep."

It must not be forgotten, also, that Jessop can still "bowl at a pinch," and is one of the keenest and biggest-hearted players of all the "dannelled fools" in the world.

Remains Jones. His greatest season up-to-date was unquestionably 1904, but there is no reason to suppose that he has "touched the limit." It is more probable that, if he is properly backed up this year by Notts, he will do better than ever. Last year he was handicapped by the fact that, if Ire-monger got out cheaply, and he himself did not make at least 100, the side was likely to "go to pot in a hurry."

Such a trial to the nerves of a captain batting first, is nearly as bad as a shooter first ball. But Jones's reply to the conundrums put him to solve,

(Continued on page 14.)



## LITTLE VILLAGE HEROINES.

Two Girls Risk Their Lives to Save  
Their Younger Brothers.

### SISTERLY DEVOTION.

From Hertfordshire and Staffordshire come two stories of sisterly love and sacrifice that would move hearts of stone.

A little girl of five and her three-year-old brother lie dead together in the village of Bosmor. Both were drowned in the canal while their parents thought they were at play in the warm sunshine.

As night began to fall, and still the children did not return, a search was made for them, when, to the unutterable grief of their father and mother, the little ones were found drowned in the Grand Junction Canal.

The whole village mourned. No one witnessed the sad occurrence, and it could only be surmised that the boy must have tripped into the water, and been followed by his guardian sister, who lost her life in a brave attempt to rescue him.

The little girl's devotion to her younger brother was always remarked among the neighbours. Possibly for an instant she had let go the little fellow's hand.

#### Saved Her Brother.

In the Staffordshire case the little heroine was a good many years older, and happily she succeeded in saving her brother's life, as by a miracle. She herself, however, now lies unconscious, suffering from concussion of the brain. It was a street accident at Stoke-on-Trent.

The girl's little brother freed himself from her hand and ran in front of a horse and cart, attracted by a toy lying in the road.

It seemed certain he would be run over, but with prompt presence of mind his sister sprang in front of the horse and pushed the boy out of the way of the wheel.

She had taken no thought of herself, and the cart-wheel knocked her down and passed over her.

Whilst gathering daisies in a field near Morecambe, a little two-year-old girl named Bella Mitchell was attracted by a stone drinking-trough for the use of cattle. She fell in and was drowned in a pool of water.

### NOTABLE BABY CLOTHES.

Some Made by Queen Elizabeth, Some for the Infant Cromwell.

Her Royal Highness Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, opened the loan exhibition in aid of the Girls' Friendly Society at Grosvenor House yesterday, consisting of memorials of notable women.

There were christening clothes worked by the then Princess Elizabeth for the heir so anxiously expected by Queen Mary. So plain are they that they would be scorned by a cottager's wife nowadays. A shoe that belonged to Queen Elizabeth is also on view.

Though Oliver Cromwell eschewed the pomps and vanities of dress, his baby's apparel was well adorned with lace.

Sir Thomas Sinclair has lent a very beautiful collection of miniatures of the frail and fair beauties of the courts of Charles II. and Louis XIV.

One corner of the exhibition is reserved for famous authoresses and another for heroines. The exhibition will be open to-day from 11 till 7.

### ARRIVED TOO LATE.

When the West Ham relieving officer, acting on the advice of a doctor, called at William Wells's house to remove him to the asylum, Wells was not to be found.

Later his body was taken out of the Victoria Dock, and yesterday a verdict of Found Drowned was returned.

"The Overseas Daily Mail" contains all the home news of the week, and brings Britons abroad into the closest touch with the Mother-country. After July 1st it will be printed on stouter paper, and specially prepared wrapper used. Annual subscriptions posted after above date will be 8s., those forwarded at once will be accepted for 5s. This will ensure a copy being sent weekly for one year to any postal address.

Subscriptions should be sent to the Chief Clerk, "Daily Mail," Carnarvon House, E.C. Specimen copy forwarded on application.

## INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

Portsmouth Town Council yesterday decided to present an address of welcome to the King of Spain on his landing at Portsmouth on June 6.

Three of the Lamerton hounds picked up some morsels of food while on Dartmoor, and died almost immediately. Strychnine poison is suspected.

Opportunity was given to a labourer under remand on a charge of theft at Halifax to attend his child's funeral. He was allowed out on bail on his own recognisances.

Mrs. Alice Fram, of Bamburgh, Northumberland, probably the last of the personal friends of Grace Darling, the heroine of the rescue of the crew of the Forfarshire, has died in her eighty-sixth year.

Hayfield (Derbyshire) Guardians will in future be "whistled" and "hammered" to order. The new chairman has been presented with a small toy-hammer and whistle combined to assist him in preserving decorum.

In less than twenty-four hours after he had decorated the grave of his sweetheart with flowers, Eli Higson, of Walkden, was killed by the fall of a roof at a Masley Common colliery. He was buried beside his fiancée.

There is an unusually sagacious dog possessed by a Cardiff lady. Every time his mistress has occasion to ride in a tramcar the animal sees her step safely inside and then trots on in front and gives the motor-man the signal to start.

Two violins and other instruments were secured for £9 by a gentleman at an auction in the Isle of Wight some years ago. He has since sold one of the violins, made in the fifteenth century, for over £100.

Mr. James Berry, the ex-hangman, who lives at Bradford, is, in conjunction with the Rev. Henry Powers, D.D., this week conducting a revival mission at Tanton.

It was related of her husband by a Leeds woman, at the aspires, that when intoxicated he always became jealous of the insurance man. She admitted that she had poured boiling water over her spouse.

Whilst a boy was chopping wood in a shed at Coventry his attention was called to a movement on the roof. He then heard a child crying, and on examination found a little deserted baby on the top of the shed.

There has just died at Auteborough, Nuneaton, Mr. Ebenezer Brown, aged seventy-six. He began as a coal-dealer in a small way, then went into the licensed trade, and after selling his hostilities for £25,000, in 1879, turned his attention to landed estates.

Scissors-grinders are not pedlars, according to the ruling of the Morley (Yorkshire) magistrates. They discharged a man who had been arrested for going from door to door asking if people had any scissors to grind when he had no licence to act as a pedlar. It was held that he was not hawking, but offering his labour, and required no licence.

### EFFECTS OF THE GREAT FIRE AT CROYDON.



Firemen playing on the smouldering ruins left by the great fire at Croydon, which raged over four acres. In the foreground is seen the remains of the railway rolling-stock destroyed by the flames.

Formerly a public-house, the Blue Bell, at Swansea, has been acquired by the local clergy and turned into a mission-hall.

"I did it to the officials," said William Manning, an inmate of Fiverton Workhouse, when committed for trial charged with attempted suicide.

It is rumoured that Lord Justice Stirling, who has just entered his seventieth year, and has been nineteen years on the Bench, contemplates retiring.

"Notice to the boys. Three cheers! Biggie is going to be wed!" This strange announcement appeared in the agony column of a contemporary yesterday.

Projecting from the crop of a wood-pigeon shot near Witham, Essex, was a correspondence, into whose hands the bird fell, was a piece of wire. The other end had penetrated to the lower part of the pigeon's body.

Southwark's municipal electric supply undertaking is said to be so unremunerative that a member of the borough council has given notice of a resolution that it be disposed of to any private individual or company who may care to purchase it.

Messrs. Henry S. King and Co., Pall Mall, have received from the Prince of Wales £50, and from the Princess of Wales £25, for Lord Kitchener's fund for the Ghurka Brigade. Their Royal Highnesses have forwarded similar sums, and King Edward has sent 100 guineas, to the Victoria's general fund for sufferers by the earthquake.

Justification for assault was pleaded by a Manchester man, who said he was annoyed at being laughed at because he had fallen into Trafalgar Park lake.

Three cyclists were riding down Markfield Hill, near Leicester, when the front tyre of one machine came off, wrecking all three riders. One was rendered unconscious, and the other two were also badly injured.

Military Knights of Windsor, who have hitherto been under the supervision of the ecclesiastical authorities, are, it is said, about to be placed under the control of the Duke of Argyll, the governor of the Castle, at the King's direction.

Acting upon the report of a deputation which has been to Germany to inspect methods of extracting grease from sewage, the Manchester Corporation have decided to put down a section of the apparatus at its sewage farm. It is a simple arrangement of timber screens.

Novel excuses are often found for drunkenness, but the explanation offered by a Sheffield man the other day would be hard to beat. He said he had been sampling some choice tobacco with a sailor friend. Then, as an afterthought, he added: "I had had a hand at cards as well."

On the minutes submitted at yesterday's meeting of the Whitechapel Guardians was the following: "The hon. secretary, Mile End Board of Guardians' Cricket Team (April 18, 1905), asking the guardians if they can arrange for match with them, and if so upon what date?"

## BOY COMPOSES AN ORATORIO.

Complicated Work Written at  
Lightning Speed.

### OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.

George Williams, the Chingford boy of fourteen years of age, whose photograph is reproduced on page 8, has written a complete oratorio in the marvellously short time of three weeks. This work has not yet been tried, so it is impossible to speak of its merits, but whatever the value of the music, such an achievement is a most surprising one for a boy.

"An Exaltation," as the oratorio is called, is not by any means simple. It is altogether of an ambitious order, and contains fifty numbers arranged as choruses, solos, duets, quartets, and octettes, with many florid passages for the vocalists.

Strange to say, the youthful composer has had very little musical tuition. He has been through an elementary course of piano-forte and organ lessons, which were given him by the local organist, and his only guide in the construction of his oratorio, apart from the examples of the great masters, was a text book of Proust's.

### HERO OF THE SEWER.

Police-constable Patrick Sheehan, whose photograph is reproduced on page 9, sacrificed his life in a gallant and successful attempt to save the lives of others. A number of workmen employed in a Dublin sewer were overcome by sewer gas. One of them managed to struggle to the surface and give the alarm. Patrick Sheehan, who was on duty close by, at once took off part of his clothes and descended the manhole, amid the plaudits of the assembled crowd.

Others followed him, and one by one the insensible workmen were dragged out. Two of them died, but five, who owe their lives to the bravery of the policeman, have since recovered. Sheehan remained in the sewer until the last workman had been rescued, and then the other rescuers found that their leader was dead.

### GIGANTIC NEW RESTAURANT.

The new Gaiety Restaurant and Hotel, erected to take the place of the old restaurant which was pulled down to make way for the London County Council improvements, will be opened at 6.30 this evening. The size of the building, which appears in our photograph on page 9, may be judged from the fact that over 3,000 meals can be served there daily. There are fifty self-contained flats in the hotel, five large halls, one of which, the Georgian Ball-room, has dancing accommodation for 350 people.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF COPYRIGHT.

On page 9 of yesterday's *Daily Mirror* a photograph of Colonel Melnikoff, a wounded officer of the Russian Army, receiving massage treatment in a Japanese hospital, was published. This photograph is the copyright of B. L. Singley, Keystone View Company.

See our windows for L.N.O.A.

**NO KIDDERMINSTER**

carpet can surpass CATESBY'S CORK LINO for beauty and usefulness; and, moreover, can save the cleanable way for the London County Council. It harbours no dust, and no dust can find a resting place on its surface. These are features that make CATESBY'S CORK LINO the most hygienic and most easily-cleaned floor covering in the world. Write for free samples and designs, then buy on Easy Terms or secure our cash discount of 2s. in the £. We pay carriage.

**CATESBY'S CORK LINO.**

	yds. by 3	yds. by 4	A Quality	B Quality
3 by 3	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.
3 by 4	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.
3 by 4	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.
3 by 4	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.

**CATESBY & SONS,**  
THE HOME OF CORK LINO.  
(Dept. W.), 64-67, TOTTENHAM COURT  
ROAD, LONDON, W.



## NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—  
12, WHITEFRIARS STREET,  
LONDON, E.C.  
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 2150 Holborn.  
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflected," London.  
PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Taitbout.

## Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1905

## MAKING SMOOTH THE WAY.

THERE were two remarkable features in the address which Dr. Forsyth delivered yesterday to the Congregational Union, the most powerful of the Nonconformist Church parliaments.

One was his recognition of the fact that the old Liberalism is dead. The other was his plea for political principles aiming at and based upon something nobler and more stable than mere party advantages.

Britain's great need to-day is of men who see what steps must be taken to dovetail the Future into the Present without any violent upheaval of social forces, and who will devote their whole energies to inducing the nation to take those steps.

The average M.P. neither knows nor cares about the future at all. The average Minister of the Crown scarcely ever projects his vision further into it than the end of the current session, or possibly the beginning of the next. Nor does he dream of a policy dictated solely by national interests. If he can manage to advance his party's interests, that is good enough for him.

But do not let anyone suppose this state of things is going to last. Party politics have disgusted sensible men of every shade of thought. They have brought the House of Commons into contempt; they have weakened us materially as well as morally; they have plunged our finances into chaos; they have lowered our prestige and reduced our influence in the Council of the Nations.

We are on the threshold of a New Order, in which there will be no place for either of the historic political parties. Already they belong to the past. Their conflicts are but feeble imitations of the battles of the Titans of old. Last night there was a great gathering of our pigmy word-warriors in the House of Commons. What empty sounds they made! What a futile expenditure of energy!

The churches may, if they will, play a great part in preparing for and fashioning the New Order. If only all our ministers of the Gospel took as broad and statesmanlike a view as Dr. Forsyth! The bad old system could not stand against them for a day.

## IS THE CRINOLINE COMING?

Yesterday there began in London those meetings of Liberal women which always enliven politics at this season of the year. We do heartily wish that the delegates from all parts of the country who are attending these meetings would turn their attention for a little while to the threatened reappearance of the crinoline.

It is true this threat has often been in the air. For some years past it has been a regular topic at May dinner-parties. But this season there seems to be more substance in it than usual. The abominable thing is coming nearer. Let us take measures to thrust it away before it is at our very gates.

How any woman can contemplate dressing herself up in a burlesque butter-tub we cannot imagine. If she is in any doubt as to how she would look, let her study the pictures of the crinoline period. The wonder is that in those days the race did not die out. Women looked so uniformly unattractive that one marvels at men regarding marriage with them as a possibility even.

Fashion can make women do almost anything—wear humps on their backs, carry burdens on their heads, walk with a limp, go without pockets, and artificially depress or inflate the natural lines of the figure until they appear to be candidates for a deformity show. But we cannot yet, we will not, believe they will ever accept again the hideousness and the inconvenience of the crinoline.

We do wish the Liberal women would pass some resolutions about this.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Where thou findest a Lie that thou canst not distinguish it. Lies exist only in the heart of the liar.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

TO-NIGHT the Royal Society of St. George gives its annual dinner at the Hotel Grand Central, and Lord Halsbury is to preside. That means that there will be much merriment over the after-dinner speaking, for the Lord High Chancellor of England is a born humorist. Some would add that he is a born comedian—at any rate, in appearance. That was the impression which he gave to a certain fair and outspoken actress who was taken by an Irish peer to the House. When she saw Lord Halsbury, rubicund, short, and jovial on the Woolpack, she cried out in amazement: "Great Scott, there's Johnny Toole in a cocked hat!"

When his son, Lord Tiverton, was at Oxford the Chancellor used occasionally to visit him, particularly when he rowed in his college boat. It was then vouchsafed to the crowd on the barges to see Lord Halsbury, absolutely purple in countenance, running along the water's edge acclaiming his son's efforts with all the enthusiasm of a boy.

Naturally enough, editors offered the hero fabulous sums to record his impressions, to tell people "how he did it." Heis not well off, and did not refuse all of them. He was given £1,200 for a short article, and offered £10,000 for a short series of lectures. Who can resist such temptations? Certainly the only American I can recall who ever did so was Admiral Dewey, who replied: "Thanks, am too busy," when asked to write a few paragraphs for £1,000.

Lord and Lady Cholmondeley's fine Cheshire seat, Cholmondeley Castle, is quite full of visitors just now for the Chester races, which began yesterday. Their other country home is Houghton Hall, in Norfolk, and a curious story is told in connection with it. It once belonged to a former Earl of Orford, who was a slave to gambling. When he had gambled away all his movable property, he proceeded to do the same with property which he considered immovable, and started with the stone steps leading up to the house. He lost, and the winner carted the steps away. They have never been replaced.

Lord Cholmondeley bears a name which is rarely pronounced, and still more rarely spelt, as it should

## THE IMPERIAL ARTIST'S LATEST LIGHTNING SKETCH.



The German Emperor has been calling the Japanese a "scourge of God" sent to chastise the Russians (and perhaps other European nations) for their lack of the Christian virtues.

In spite of his mundane appearance, Lord Halsbury has had supernatural experiences. He once saw a ghost while staying with some friends in the country. It was the ghost of a butler who had killed himself in the room occupied by Lord Halsbury, who saw him standing by the fire in the middle of the night.

Lo d Mountmorres, who is lecturing at the Society of Arts to-night on what seems the rather inartistic subject of "The native races of Central Africa," is a man who has had a most adventurous career. When he was only nine a terrible calamity happened in his family. His father, the fifth Viscount, owned estates in Galway. In 1880, at a time when to be an Irish landlord was about as dangerous as to be a Tsar of Russia to-day, he was found dead with nine bullet wounds in him, by the roadside near his house.

One trembles to think of the hearts which must have broken amongst American girls when the news of Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson's engagement was announced. The hero, whose great deed was the sinking of the Merimac in order to block the entrance of Santiago harbour during the Spanish-American war, was embraced by vast numbers of young women when he returned from the war. These endorsements became so aggressive at that when Lieutenant Hobson (as he then was) appeared on the lecture platform a New York reporter recorded the fact in the following terms: "When Captain Hobson appeared on the platform at the Hall yesterday, no one tried to kiss

him. It would be difficult to say how many letters he receives every year with his name misspelt on the envelopes. His correspondents seem to feel the same despair about his name as the American who said: "What can you do with a name which is written Ch-o-l-m-o-n-d-e-l-e-y and pronounced Marchbanks (Marjoribanks)?" or as the foreign lady who gave up the study of English when she heard that "The Mikado" was pronounced "a distinct success!"

Mr. Walter Hampden, who appeared last night at the Adelphi as Hamlet, in place of Mr. H. B. Irving, whose throat needs a little rest, is a stalwart Bensonian, and what Mr. Pepys would have called "a very pretty fellow." He made a considerable success as the young monk turned warrior in "The Prayer of the Sword," and his Hamlet shows him to have plenty of resource and power, even if it does not reveal any particularly new readings of the famous part. Mr. Hampden is one of the best-looking men on the stage, as you may see by his photograph on page 10.

The Mrs. Laycock who has just had a serious motor-car accident in Paris, which has necessitated the amputation of a leg, is better known to the public as the late wife of the present Lord Downshire, from whom she was divorced three years ago. A singularly beautiful woman, Mrs. Laycock is supposed to have a "double" in the person of Miss Julia Marlowe, the well-known American actress. They are certainly very much alike. Mrs. Laycock has had one child by her second marriage with Major Joseph Laycock.

## THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

## WHERE DO WE STAND?

Sir Andrew Clark, who was Physician-in-Ordinary to the late Queen Victoria, used exactly the same expression about alcohol as Sir F. Treves. He said "Alcohol is a poison. Health is always in some way or other injured by it." "Seven out of ten diseases owe their origin to alcohol," was another saying of his. H. M. MAGNUS.

Portman-mansions, W.  
Your correspondent, Dr. S. G. Watson, M.R.C.S., mentions the account of Christ turning water into "poison."

If he really did perform this miracle, I do not see how the wine made from pure water only could be a poison.

Wine is not made like this in these days. It is a great pity that it cannot be. A. AUSTEN SMITH.  
Handsworth, Birmingham.

I beg to express the pleasure it gives me to find that medical men are like myself anxious to know where we stand in relation to alcohol as a poison, and I trust that the medical men of England will not be afraid to state their opinion on that subject. May I ask Dr. Watson if he thinks it probable that Christ would turn water into an intoxicating drink, which has throughout all ages proved to be in truth a mocker and a curse to the people, and which hinders more than anything else the spreading of His Kingdom on earth?

Nottingham. HAROLD A. JAMES.

## IS HOME-WORK DEAD?

I can fully endorse the opinions of "Twenty-one" on homework.

I arrive home about 5.30 p.m., have a meal, and then I am supposed to spend about three hours upon home-work. What time is there for recreation?

Home-work, I fear, will be a cause which will tend eventually to the physical degeneration of our race. DISCIPLINUS.

## STAGE ENGLISH.

"Me child" for "my child" is simply an affectation. So is "mine" for "mine."

How it ruins the effect of a fine speech may be seen in Wolsey's

Had I served my God with half the zeal  
I served my king, he would not sin in age  
Have left me naked to win enemies.

Why, it takes all the ring and splendour out of the lines, and leaves them weak and mincing.

The wide vowel is the effective vowel for the stage.

St. Leonards-on-Sea. AN OLD ACTOR.

## RECORD QUICKNESS FOR CARTOONS.

I am a constant reader of your valuable paper, and have been much struck with the excellent cartoons which you produce every day on the primary event of the preceding twenty-four hours. Surely this is one more to add to the list of the *Daily Mirror* records of quick work.

The Hove, Plymouth. F. C. SAUNDERS.

## A WOMAN OF THE HOUR.

Mrs. Maude Gonne McBride.

AS a political agitator we have laughed at her. Now she is in trouble we sympathise with her. Perhaps that is to soften her heart towards us, as a nation, a little. To-day she and her husband tell in the Paris Divorce Court the story which has led her to seek to be parted from him.

As Miss Maude Gonne, a beautiful Irish girl, everyone knew her name. She was England's bitterest enemy, and her utterances were so seductive that but for her sex, and possibly her beauty, she would have tasted prison or asylum life. As it was, she could not persuade the authorities to make her a martyr.

Her popularity among the Irish peasants was unbounded. They called her the Irish Joan of Arc. And a very handsome one she made, with her golden hair, flashing dark eyes, and bewitching smile.

She could have chosen a husband from among a hundred men of title and fortune, but what she wanted was to be a martyr. At last, in despair of martyrdom, she married Major McBride. That was three years ago.

He had done what she should have done herself had she been a man. He had fought against the hated "Saxon tyrant" in South Africa, leading the Irish brigade on the side of the Boers.

They have a son whom they had hoped to see President of a free and republican Ireland.

## IN MY GARDEN.

MAY 9.—The wonderful narcissi, that started blooming in the middle of March, will still give flowers to the garden until nearly the end of May. It is a pity the late varieties are not more grown.

The "poets," now coming out, are very sweet-scented and charming for picking. Very pretty they look rising from the cool, long grass in the orchard! On warm, still evenings the sweetbriar hedge well repays a visit.

Lilac-buds are quickly developing. Many shrubs fail to flower because suckers have been allowed to grow round the main stems. They must be promptly removed. Lilacs do splendidly even in the heart of London. E. F. T.



## Reported by Camera:

TAKING PETS TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE TOY DOG SHOW.

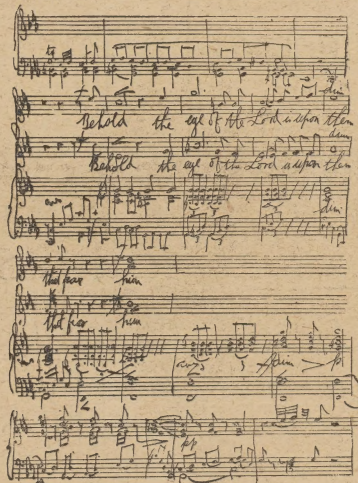


Many well-known ladies were to be seen at the Toy Dog Championship Show at the Crystal Palace yesterday. In this photograph Lady Moore, who is wearing a motoring veil, is seen arriving at the Palace with her dogs.—(Russell.)

BOY OF FOURTEEN COMPOSES AN ORATORIO IN THREE WEEKS.

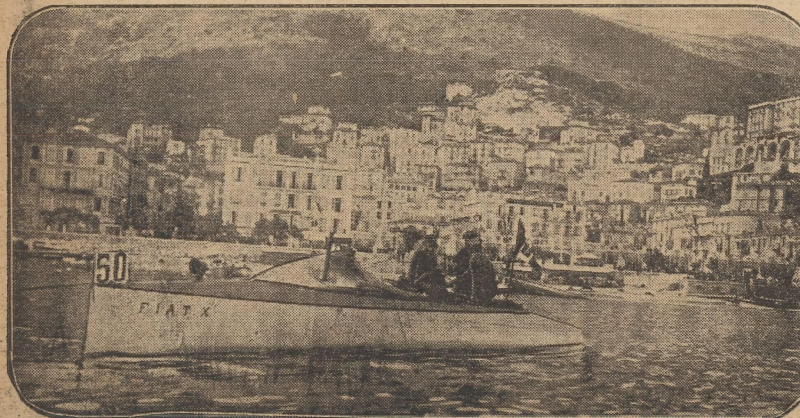


George Williams, a fourteen-year-old Chingford boy, who, although he has had very little tuition in music, has composed an oratorio which he calls "An Exaltation" in three weeks.



A page from the oratorio, which includes fifty numbers, arranged as choruses, solos, duets, quartettes, and octettes. The work contains many florid passages, and is altogether of an ambitious order.

LEADING MOTOR BOAT IN THE RACE ACROSS THE MEDITERRANEAN.



The Fiat X, although only twenty-nine feet long, arrived at Majorca, the halfway port in the motor-boat race from Algiers to Toulon, three and a half hours ahead of the next competitor. She had travelled at an average speed of eighteen miles an hour.

## THE AUSTRALIAN



The Australian cricketers at home in London. No. 1: Messrs. M. A. Noble packing his favourite bat, Hill (the photograph), W. W. Armstrong, and the 112 he made against Nottinghamshire. Gehrs leaving the hotel. Gehrs, Australian wicket-keeper, preparing to leave.



# NS AT HOME



manager) and J. Darling (the captain) over their correspondence 162 against the Gentlemen of England. No. 3: Messrs. C. breakfast. No. 4: Mr. W. W. Armstrong having his after-dinner does not do much harm to his eyes. No. 5: Messrs. W. suffering from a cold, and is not quite well enough to play. rest of his rest while his understudy, Mr. E. M. Newland, plays

## The Day's News Portrayed

### COMIC HAMLET.



Mr. Walter Passmore as Hamlet at the Coliseum. His comic burlesque of the part is causing roars of laughter.

### PHOTOGRAPHIC GEMS.



This is the latest fashion in photographs. A miniature portrait, surrounded by a frame ornamented with pearls, makes a charming present.— (Esme Collings.)

### HEROIC RESCUER.



Police Constable Patrick Sheehan, who went down into a sewer in Dublin to rescue men who had been overcome by sewer gas. The fumes killed him after he had saved several lives.

### NEW PLAYWRIGHT'S SUCCESS.



One of the most striking of recent theatrical successes has been that of Mr. Alfred Sutro, whose play, "The Walls of Jericho," has just been performed for the 200th time at the Garrick Theatre. This photograph shows the scene between Jack Frobisher (Mr. Arthur Bourchier) and Lady Alethea (Miss Violet Vanbrugh).—(Ellis and Walery.)

### GIGANTIC RESTAURANT OPENS TO-DAY.



The New Gaiety Restaurant, which has been erected in the Strand, will be opened at 6.30 this evening.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 6.



A supply of Bishop's Tonules will be sent you for 1s. 1d. post free within the U.K., or larger supply for 2s. 10d., by Alfred Bishop, Ltd., 48, Spelman street, London, N.E.; or you can obtain them from any Chemist at 1s. and 2s. 9d. With every package is enclosed a handbook on the treatment of nervous disorders. Alfred Bishop, Ltd., are always pleased to supply any further information our readers would like to have, and all letters are regarded as confidential.



## INCIDENTS OF THE BOOTMAKERS' MARCH ON LONDON.



Councillor James Gribble, the leader of the strikers, eating a frugal lunch. It is to his credit and that of the men he leads that not a single case of disorderly behaviour has been recorded during the march.



The strikers halting by the roadside for rest and refreshment. At one spot beer and mineral water was provided by a sympathiser, but most frequently the only drink which moistens their ordinary fare of bread and cheese is plain water.



Marching at four miles an hour along the country road. Idlers follow them through the villages, but in the open country few care to accompany them along the dusty roads in the hot sun at a pace which proves a severe test of endurance.



The strikers arriving at Rushden, where each man had a meal of bread and cheese. Here the strikers were heartily welcomed, and many were offered more substantial refreshment than that they carried for themselves.

## LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 10.)

when she saw Joe Marvis purple of visage and Arthur Merrick pale as a ghost, she retreated towards the door.

"You're busy; I'm interrupting you," she said softly. "So sorry."

Joe Marvis moved uncomfortably, but did not speak. A petticoat always made a coward of him, even his ward's petticoat. But Merrick stepped forward quickly.

"Don't go, Lyn," he said unsteadily. "We were just talking about you; there is some misunderstanding—we want your help."

"Has it something to do with King Daffodil?" Merrick started then, and his face flushed.

"Yes," he jerked out, almost unconsciously, wondering for the instant whether she had not guessed something.

But he quickly controlled himself, realising his mistake.

"I don't mean that," he said, forcing a laugh. "I mean it concerns the horse's owner—in a way. He, Sir Tatton, and your guardian have taken it into their heads—!" He stopped short, hardly knowing how to continue, afraid to say the necessary words.

It was not an easy thing for a man to say. It gave the woman only one possible answer. He realised that it was putting Lyndal Maybrick in a difficult, unfair position.

He looked at her; her face had grown more serious than was wont, but, as she looked from one to the other, she smiled bravely, without a trace of fear or embarrassment.

"Go on, Arthur; tell me."

"If he takes my advice, he'll hold his tongue," growled Joe Marvis.

"Well, briefly," Arthur Merrick said nervously, "Sir Tatton and—and the pater have taken it into their heads that our affection for one another, our friendship, is something more than that of brother and sister, something stronger, deeper than that of pals—in fact, so sure are they of this, that they are in a hurry—to marry us."

He had said it! He drew a deep breath and mopped his brow.

It was much more difficult telling Lyndal that he didn't love her than telling Dolores St. Merton that he did love her.

There was silence for the space of a few seconds; Lyndal's face changed colour; first it grew rosy

red and her eyes lighted—then, as suddenly, every trace of colour departed and the light left her eyes.

She laughed, a pretty, rippling peal of laughter, and neither man noticed how lifeless and merciless her laughter had become.

"How funny," she cried. "Oh, you dear, silly, blind, old pater. What on earth put such a ridiculous idea into your head?"

Merrick felt inclined to shout "I told you so!" but he restrained himself in time. He felt more than relieved, he felt as if the weight of many years had been taken off his life. Of course he had not for an instant believed that Lyndal loved him. If he had?

But he put the question away from him, as he had put it away many days ago in Vogel's house. There was a look of relief in old Joe Marvis's face; also, a note of relief in his voice.

"Well," he grunted, holding out his arms and taking his ward tenderly to his breast. "Well, 'twas Sir Tatton who first put the idea into my head. He swore that Arthur had fallen in love with you; said he'd seen it for weeks—of course, I knew you'd have more sense than to fancy yourself in love with him."

He kissed her very gently; his eyes grew suspiciously moist—the smoke possibly had curled into them. "So it's brother and sister you are, is it? Well, well, I'm glad I know. I had my doubts, especially when he," nodding at Merrick, "refused to return home when you wrote; thought you'd quarrelled, you know; lovers always quarrel, silly idiots, do they?"

His ill-humour had vanished; he was quite cheerful again.

Merrick laughed, too, and came across the room and stood beside the trainer and his ward.

"Lyn and I never quarrel, do we?"

"Of course not," Lyndal replied. "But we shall," she added, "if you neglect King Daffodil. Are you aware that you haven't been to say how-do-you-do to him—and you've been in the house four hours?"

"I'm sorry—I was so tired after the journey—let me go now."

"No, you don't; it's past ten o'clock; I won't have him disturbed. If you're so tired you'd better go to bed," growled Marvis. "I'm going to have another smoke; you mustn't. And don't forget you're up with the hark to-morrow: five o'clock, and don't keep the King waiting."

"If you dare," laughed Lyndal. "I shall be there, and, oh, how jealous I shall feel of you, I'm up to bed. Good night."

She gave Merrick her hand; he took it, but his grip lacked warmth.

"Good night, pater. Don't sit up late." She left the room quickly and mounted the stairs two at a time.

The men listened to her footsteps on the corridor overhead; they heard her bedroom door shut; then silence.

Joe Marvis faced Merrick and looked him up and down.

"I suppose I ought to apologise," he laughed; "it was foolish of me to think Lyn was in love with you, I'll own that! But I'm not satisfied that you haven't fallen in love," he added grimly.

"Well, get off to bed; you must get as fit as a fiddle now, and keep fit."

"I shall be all right to-morrow. Good-night," Merrick replied.

He closed the dining-room door quietly, and mounted to his room. On his way he had to pass Lyndal's bedroom; it had been his habit when he had set up later than she to knock at her door and wish her a final good-night; and sometimes he had been rewarded with a vision of a little brown face set in a halo of tumbled fair hair. Now he hesitated a moment and then passed without knocking.

But he did not enter his room, he stood still in the passage; habits are dangerous things, they refuse to be treated lightly.

That vision of face and hair, and sometimes the form from a billow of lace, was not easily forgotten, not easily relinquished.

He fell to wondering what she felt, what she thought.

He walked slowly back until he stood outside her door once again. And as he raised his hand to knock he wondered suddenly whether he ought to do so or not now.

He knocked this once—he felt anxious to see her face—he'd hardly looked at her since his arrival, and she had been away for such a long time. And she had always struck him as looking so very beautiful, almost an unearthly beauty, when her hair was free to cover her neck and shoulders and flow like a golden stream to her waist.

He knocked, LYN.

Her reply seemed quite a long time coming.

"Good-night, Arthur."

The door did not open, and he walked slowly to his own room; a sense of loss pursued him—the loss of something very precious.

(To be continued.)

FREE!! FREE!!

A CHOICE PRESENT FOR LADIES

FOR THE MERE TROUBLE OF ASKING.



We wish to introduce our catalogue of Houses, Skirts, and Costumes for Spring and Summer wear to every reader of this paper, and for a short period we will send to every lady applying for same a CHOICE WAIST BELT, as per illustration. This elegant belt is made in a rich satin, with pretty silk ornaments as buckle. Write today, enclosing six stamps to cover packing and postage, but give your name and address carefully, so that this magnificent gift will not go astray. If you do not wish to be disappointed write to-day. Address: BAKER, DOOHY, & CO., Dept. 120, Wanstead, Essex.

10/- DOWN OUR



'ROYAL ALAX' CYCLE.

Price £5 45 net

Payments only 10s. per month. Swift, New Hudson, Rover, Hodge, Whitworth, etc., etc. from the monthly. Write for our 50-page Free Price List. THE SILVER QUEEN CYCLE CO., Ltd. (F.A. Dept.), 50, Edgware-road London W.

H.J.S.

Suits, &amp;c., TO MEASURE Only, on "THE TIMES" Plan of MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

To still further extend our already large Cash Tailoring business, we have completed arrangements whereby we are now prepared to accept orders on the above conditions. No objectionable methods. Subscriptions to be paid at our office by post only. Gentlemen who appreciate well-cut and well-finished garments should certainly give us a call, or samples of choice materials and full particulars will be forwarded on receipt of a card to H. J. Searle & Son, Ltd., 22, Cheapside, E.C. First Floor. Phone 5442 Central.

A1 SUITS.

O

ONLY the unthinking man will buy a suit because the price is cheap. Price to him everything, quality nothing. But let him pause and ponder over the matter for a few moments.

and we feel sure he will decide that quality decides the value of a suit. Thousands of men, keen buyers, will tell you, as we do, that the best is the best, for these reasons: A best quality suit made in the prevailing fashion; it will be properly fitted; it will be richly completed with buttons and lasting button-holes; it will be nicely lined and nicely finished. Then, too, the fabric will be made in latest patterns and colours, and will wear three times as long as a poor quality, poorly made and poorly priced shoddy suit. Gents! make good suits, A1 Suits, make them to your measurements; and they cost only the few shillings more than shoddy garments. Write for patterns and self-measurement form, and you can buy your suit on Easy Terms, or secure 2/- in the £ discount by paying cash. We pay carriage. Say whether you want dark or light patterns when you write.



34/ EASY TERMS.

MEN'S BOOTS.

These are good black boots, leather lined, kid legs, and constructed on comfort principles, and look as smart as style could wish for useful wear. They are as good a boot as the lines of most makers, but will cost you only 10s. 6d. Easy terms. Write for particularly mention "boot" catalogue. With it we will send self-measurement form, and for cash orders we allow 2s. in the £ discount.

CATESBY & SONS (Dept. W.), 64-67, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

MACKENZIE'S

Delicious Toffee. Free Sample not on application. Insist on MACKENZIE'S. Steam Works, London.

CREAM TOFFEE





Distinguished amongst Toilet Soaps as the Favourite. Unequalled for its absolute purity and delicious fragrance.

4d. per Tablet, 1/- per Box.

## TEST ITS MERITS.

Send us TWO PENNY STAMPS and we will forward (postage paid) TWO DAINTY BIJOU SAMPLE TABLETS.

The ERASMIC CO., LTD. (Dept. 63), WARRINGTON.

## CHILDREN'S COUGHS

The safest, purest, and most efficient remedy procurable for all forms of Children's Coughs is

## VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

### A WHOLE FAMILY CURED.

Mrs. BUCHANAN, 89, RAEBERRY-STREET, GLASGOW, writes:—"I think it my duty to give you my opinion of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. You could not have given it a better name; it has proved a 'Lightning Cough Cure' to my four children with whooping cough, and they suffered since last April; they were all cured in one week by your Cough Cure. I will never be without it. I have given it to most of my friends, because I have so much faith in it. I thought I was going to lose two of my children, they could neither eat nor sleep, but now they can go out in all weathers. They have got to like your Cough Cure, and won't go to bed without it. I cannot speak too highly of your remedy."

Mrs. ADA S. BALLIN, 5, AGAR-STREET, LONDON, W.C., Editor "Womanhood" and a great authority upon children's diseases, writes:—"Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is one of the very few Cough mixtures that can safely be given to children. It is an exceedingly successful remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis, and catarrh, and is also of great service in influenza and asthma. It is very pleasant to take, and the relief it gives is very rapid."

**ALL CHILDREN** suffering from Whooping Cough, Croup, or Colds should be given VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE; perfectly safe for infants. ALL ADULTS suffering from Bronchitis, Asthma, Pleurisy, Blood-Coughs, will find in VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH a very veritable Lightning Cure. This famous medicine has lately been awarded the "Science Siftings" award of merit, and is admitted by expert analysts to be the most successful remedy of its kind ever placed upon the market.

Trial Bottle, 9d. Regular Sizes, 1/1s and 2/9.

At Chemists and Drug Stores Everywhere.

## FREE DO YOU WANT A BICYCLE FOR NOTHING?



If so fill in Order Form herewith and dispatch with remittance 5/6 and 6d. postage for Model Skirt and Blouse, also send measurements.

To Messrs. BAKER, BOOBY & Co., Wanstead, Essex.

I enclose 5/6 and 6d. postage for 21/- Model Costume and Blouse. If you will present me with a Lady's Bicycle free of charge, I promise to distribute your catalogue to ..... friends.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

\*Put here number.

DATE .....

### A WORD AS TO THE BICYCLES.

These machines are of a high grade pattern and quality, supplied by one of the best known manufacturers.



**OF CHARGE a high-grade Lady's Bicycle** to the lady who sends the above form filled in, accompanied by remittance, and who we think will help us most to distribute our catalogues and advertise our business. Every lady will receive a magnificent Free Gift.

### DESCRIPTION OF SKIRT AND BLOUSE.

This charming Skirt is of the finest quality possible, cut and finished in the latest Parisian style in the far-famous B.B. Cloth in Navy, Grey, or Black. The Blouse is a really dainty confection in Delainette, Muslin, Canvas, or Satin.

### WHY WE MAKE THESE SACRIFICES.

We are the largest Blouse and Costume Manufacturers in The West, and we want to introduce our wonderful Catalogue of Blouses, Costumes, and all varieties of "Fashion Fancies" to every reader of this paper. The Coupon at top must be enclosed with remittance. State name of friends you promise to send Catalogue to, also give address for "Free Gift" to be sent to. Send to-day and address:

BAKER, BOOBY & CO.,  
48 F.B., WANSTEAD, ESSEX.



Names of all recipients of Bicycles will be published in "Daily Mirror" every Monday.

## WITTAM

FURNISHING CO.

EST. 60 years.

### NO DEPOSIT REQUIRED

Free Life Insurance.

is in the £1 Discount for prompt payment.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

No. 28, POST FREE.

229 & 231, Old St., City Rd.

### General Terms:

Worth.	Monthly.
2 s. d.	
10 .....	0 6 0
20 .....	0 11 0
40 .....	1 5 0
60 .....	1 10 0
100 .....	2 2 0
200 .....	4 10 0
500 .....	10 10 0

## STAR FURNISHING CO.

DALSTON: 49 and 51, Ball's Pond-road.  
HIGHBURY: 327, Upper-street.  
CAMDEN TOWN: 46, High-street.  
HOLLOWAY: 142, Seven Sisters-road.  
STORE NEWINGTON-ROAD, 171, 173, 175  
(opposite West Hackney Church).  
HARRINGAY: 3, Grand Parade, near Salisbury Hotel.  
TOTTENHAM: 738, High-road, near Hopsprings ground.

ENFIELD TOWN: 2, Palace Parade.  
WALTHAMSTOW: 235, 237, 239, High-street, Hoost-PECKHAM: 166, Ryelane (next Public Hall).

**FURNITURE ON EASY TERMS.**  
Every Description. New and Second Hand.  
ANY QUANTITY SUPPLIED from 4/- per month.

No security required. Delivered Free.

**BED-SITTING ROOM**  
FURNISHED for £5

**AN 8-ROOMED HOUSE**  
FURNISHED for £50

Send for our illustrated catalogue and copies of thousands of testimonials.

10 per Cent. Discount for Cash.

**STAR FURNISHING CO.**

Established 1879.

## HACKNEY FURNISHING CO., LTD.

### GREAT BARGAINS FOR FURNISHING.

### CALL AT ONCE.

Worth.	Per month.
£40 .....	0 6 0
£80 .....	0 11 0
£120 .....	0 17 0
£160 .....	1 5 0
£200 .....	1 8 0
£240 .....	2 2 0
£280 .....	4 10 0
£300 .....	11 5 0

and pro rata.

### THE 'MODEL' NO DEPOSIT SYSTEM. REQUIRED.

All Goods Packed, Carriage Paid, and Delivered to Your Door Free.

### NOTE THE ADDRESS BELOW.

Hours, 9 till 9. Thursdays close 4.

Telegrams, Furnishings, London; Telephone 64.

Dalston, and 383, Dalston.

TOWN HALL BUILDINGS, MARE ST., HACKNEY, N.E.

We want you to prove the marvellous healing powers of MAGIC FOOT DRAFTS for yourself. So that you can do this, without risking even a penny, we will send you

## 4/6 WORTH FREE

If you send us your name and address and are a sufferer from that horrible plague

## RHEUMATISM

We are anxious for every sufferer to know of these wonderful Drafts, for they have cured thousands—they will cure YOU. We never refuse any case—we guarantee to cure.

Magic Foot Drafts have cured cases of over 30 years' standing. Some of our cured patients once kept to their beds for a long time, but now they are permanently cured. Why not you? Just read this letter from one of our patients.

12, Gardens-terrace, Courtney-street, Houlderness-road, Hull.

Dear Sirs,  
I beg to inform you that the Magic Foot Drafts have done me a wonderful lot of good, so that I have been able to shake away my stick. I shall be 61 years of age on St. Stephen's Day, and I am proud to say that there is not anyone in better health than I—Yours truly,  
STEPHEN COOPER.

Mr. Stephen Cooper. (From Photo).

All we ask you to do is to send us your name and address—no money, no stamps, and by return post we will send you 4s. 6d. worth of these wonderful MAGIC FOOT DRAFTS, ABSOLUTELY FREE. When we say FREE we mean it. Send to-day—MAGIC FOOT DRAFT CO., A10, Victoria Chambers, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.



## GREAT CLEARANCE SALE

OF Furniture, Perambulators

Sewing Machines, etc.

Premises Coming Down for Post Office Extension.

**STOCK MUST BE CLEARED GREAT REDUCTIONS.**

**S. DAVIS & CO., LIMITED,**  
241 to 251, BOROUGH HIGH-ST., LONDON, S.E.

## HINDE'S

Circumstances alter cases. Hind's Wavers alter faces.

rest hair savers. **WAYERS**



# SUMMER ATTIRE FOR THE PARK AND PROMENADE—A BABY'S BONNET.

## SUNSHINE PREDOMINANT.

### BUTTERFLIES OF FASHION IN BRAVE ATTIRE.

Yesterday was radiant, and, like butterflies emerging from the chrysalis, our élegantes made their appearance in the Park and the fashionable shopping centres of the metropolis in attire that was positively summery.

We seem to have stepped out of spring right into summer, and even parasols are a comfort to those who are wearing the modish small hats and



A white lingerie bonnet for a child of three.

dread the wrinkles a glaring sun brings about the eyes unless they are protected, and so, though very likely next week or even earlier we shall be wrapping ourselves up in our furs again, for the moment, at any rate, let us revel in the warm sunshine and wear our prettiest frocks.

The charming, full-length toilette in the centre of this page, the cut-away coat of the third column, and the dainty little bonnet for a child in the first column, are the fruits of our artists' excursions into the realms of fashion as it now appears. The cut-away coat was part of a very handsome grosgrain green suit seen on Sunday at church parade, trimmed with bouillonnées of satin to match, piped with buff and worn with a buff chip hat plumed with ostrich feathers of the smart gooseberry shade. A deliciously cool shade of tan cashmere composed the other toilette, which had a plastron Etien fastened on the left side, and worn over a coarse ficelle-coloured lace slip, to match which the frock was given a band of lace on the skirt, framed in narrow pipings of cloth, and lapels and cuffs upon the corsage. The hat, a charmingly pretty cream Leghorn one, was wreathed with little moss rosebuds, and plumed with cream and pink feathers at the left side, where the brim was lifted.

### Children's Bonnets of Fine Lace.

The vogue for broderie Anglaise, which has been extended from cambric to every other fabric, including even cloth and velvet, has been handed down to our children's attire, where it is applied only to washing cotton and silk fabrics. Little pelisses and dainty frocks look lovely decorated with this punched embroidery, and the bonnet I show is a most becoming piece of headgear for a baby of about three years old.

The cut of the coat is assuming imposing proportions in fashion's world, and this season every shop has its own temptations to offer in the way of fascinating wraps. An evening coat of some sort is an essential in every well-equipped wardrobe, and, as well, a coat for rough wear, a smart afternoon coat, and a motor-coat are also needed by every woman of social position.

Among the white coats those of lace and of linen are the most noticeable. The linen coats are in many cases so elaborately trimmed with lace that they deserve a place among the lace garments; embroidery is usually mingled with the lace, so that it is hard to tell where one begins and the other ends.

### Lace Coats To Be Most Modish.

A large majority of the dressy wraps are collarless, and when a collar is used it is usually a rather small that turn down one of embroidery or lace showing a touch of colour in contrast with the coat. Little capes of linen almost covered with heavy embroidery or Irish crochet, or with both in combination, are numerous among the recently made models, and are considered very chic, not only when worn with skirts to match but also as separate wraps.

There are numbers of closely fitted lace coats suggestive of Louis XV. designs, which are already

finding much favour, and will be more in request as the season advances. Black lace coats are made of Chantilly, inset with heavier lace, and are worn over either white or black. Short, full coats of black Chantilly over white with many frills of the lace and fluttering knots and ends of black velvet are practical and yet dainty wraps, and the short, loose coats in white ecru and string-coloured lace are practically legion.

## DUTCH SWEETBREADS.

INGREDIENTS.—Half a pound of fillet of veal, two ounces of suet, two ounces of bread-crumbs, one egg, one tablespoonful of salt, half a tablespoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of lemon-juice.

Method.—Pass the veal and suet through a mincing machine. Soak the bread-crumbs in a little milk, mix them with the meat and suet; add the egg, seasoning, and lemon-juice. Form the result into balls, cover them with egg and bread-crumbs, and fry them in boiling fat. Make a sauce of 1oz. of butter, 1oz. of flour. Blend these in a pan over the fire, and add by degrees half a pint of milk or stock. When the sweetbreads are cold put them in the boiling sauce and let them simmer gently for twenty minutes. Remnants of cold veal may be utilised for this dish, though the flavour is not quite as good as when fresh meat is used.



Pale tan cashmere toilette, decorated with coarse ficelle-coloured lace.

## AN OFFER BY A LARGE FIRM.

Lady Readers of "Daily Mirror" Only.

FOUR BLOUSES FOR PRICE OF ONE.

21s. Worth for 7s. 6d.

Messrs. Baker, Booby, and Co., the largest blouse manufacturers in the world, offer to ladies through the medium of these advertising columns such a bargain in the way of blouse lengths that any reader missing the opportunity will be very unwise. If you will send a postal order for 7s. 6d. and 6d. postage you will receive the following parcel:—2 Blouse lengths (floral delaine), 1 Muslin, and 1 Silk; 4 in all. You could not buy same under 21s. in the ordinary way. And to *Daily Mirror* readers only—they promise to include, free of charge, a solid silver Bangle. The reason for making this astounding sacrifice is simply to introduce their wonderful catalogue to our readers. The firm only undertakes to send out 1,000 parcels, so hurry up and send your postal order for 7s. 6d. and 6d. postage to-day, to Baker, Booby, and Co., B.D., Wanstead, Essex.

## HOUSE-CLEANING HINTS.

### GLUE WATER TO BRIGHTEN DULL OILCLOTH.

When oilcloth is losing its shiny surface it can be renewed easily, and will last twice as long. Melt a little ordinary glue in a pint of water, letting it stand on the top of the oven till the glue is dissolved. The oilcloth should be washed thoroughly and then left to dry, and at night the whole should be rubbed over carefully with a piece of flannel which has been dipped into the glue water. In the morning the glue will be hard and the oilcloth will have a fine gloss upon it.

If the looking-glasses are very dull and speckled, take a small portion of whiting, then add sufficient



Gooseberry-green is a new shade, and one that looks remarkably well with a straw hat of a bright buff colour. The above picture shows a handsome coat of gooseberry-green cloth and satin to match.

cold tea to it to make a paste. Rub the glass with warm tea, dry it with a soft cloth, then rub a little of the paste into it, and polish it dry with tissue-paper.

Clean paint in this way: Dip a piece of clean flannel wrung out of warm water in whitening and rub the paint with it till all dirt is removed. Then wash it with clean water, rub it dry, and give it a final polish with a clean chamouis leather. This does not injure the paint.

The following method will be found an excellent one for washing chintz. Boil two pounds of rice in two gallons of water, and when it becomes soft divide it into two equal quantities. Put one half into a washing-tub, as it is with the rice and water together, and in this wash the face of the chintz,

using handfuls of the rice in the place of soap. Strain the second quantity of rice from the water, and rinse the chintz in it. It will then be ready for the drying and ironing processes.

## Poor Memory means poorly fed Brain

The sure, safe way to a strong active money-making brain is to feed it on

## Grape-Nuts

10 days' use will tell you some facts.

## 25/- STYLE BOOTS FOR 6/4

AMAZING VALUE.

For crossed postal order value 25s. 4d. we forward, carriage paid, one pair Ladies' or Gent's extra high-class brand new London West End Boots: every pair warranted; very latest style, easy fitting, sewing elegant, and durable (average wear 12 months). State size, black or dark tan (latest shade), boots or shoes, Burton, lace, or Derby lace, pointed, medium, or square toes. Money refunded instantly if not approved. Remit 6s. 4d. straight away; you will be astounded at wondrous workmanship and value. We deliver at cost. Manufacturers of beautiful, durable footwear by appointment to London West End and aristocracy for many years (established 1801). Every purchaser means life customer. Postal orders must be crossed, and don't forget size. Illustrated catalogue free.—THE TIMES BOOT CO., 23, Cumberwell-road, London.

## SUPREME IN QUALITY

## PETER'S

THE ORIGINAL MILK-CHOCOLATE UNRIVALED IN DELICACY OF FLAVOUR

## If you want a BABY CAR

Don't pay a fancy shop price. Buy a ROYAL EAGLE



direct from Factory. Shopkeepers' profit cancelled. Prices from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. monthly. Send for Art Catalogue. All Cars Carriage Paid. Money back if dissatisfied. Free Bonus Gifts to all. ROYAL EAGLE CARriages Co., Dept. 22, Coventry.

Telephone 5663 Central.

## MADAME DOWDING, THE "PRETTY POLLY."



From 25s. to 31 Guineas.

## MADAME DOWDING, Corsetiere,

8 & 10, CHARING CROSS ROAD

(Opposite the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square.)

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Madame Dowding is sorry she cannot send the REDUCTION by return of post, the demand for the little garment being so great that it is impossible to get them made in less than six days after receipt of order. GENTLEMEN'S BELTS A SPECIALTY.

## WHITLOCK'S

ASTOUNDING VALUE IN

FEATHER STOLAS AND VOILE SKIRTS.

A grand assortment of Feather

Stoles:—

4 Strands 6ft. long... 4/11

5 Strands 8ft. 6in. long 6/11

6 Strands 7ft. 6in. long 10/11

7 Strands 8ft. 6in. long and 12/11

8 Strands 9ft. 6in. long and 14/11

Built in 12 different shades: lined throughout, trimmed and gauged. Very graceful. 6/11

Usual sizes.

Send Postcard for Illustrated Catalogue.

Goods are sent, packed securely in strong boxes. For Feather Stoles, 4d. extra must be sent, and 6d. for Skirts, to cover cost of carriage.

The Largest Stock of Costumes in London can be seen at

WHITLOCK'S 59, CAMBERWELL ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

(Head Depot and Show Room.)

Branches at 45, High St., Clapham, S.W.; 54, High St., Lewisham, S.E.; 25 and 27, Cumberwell Rd., S.E.; 25, Electric Ave., and 39, Atlantic Rd., Brixton, S.W.











